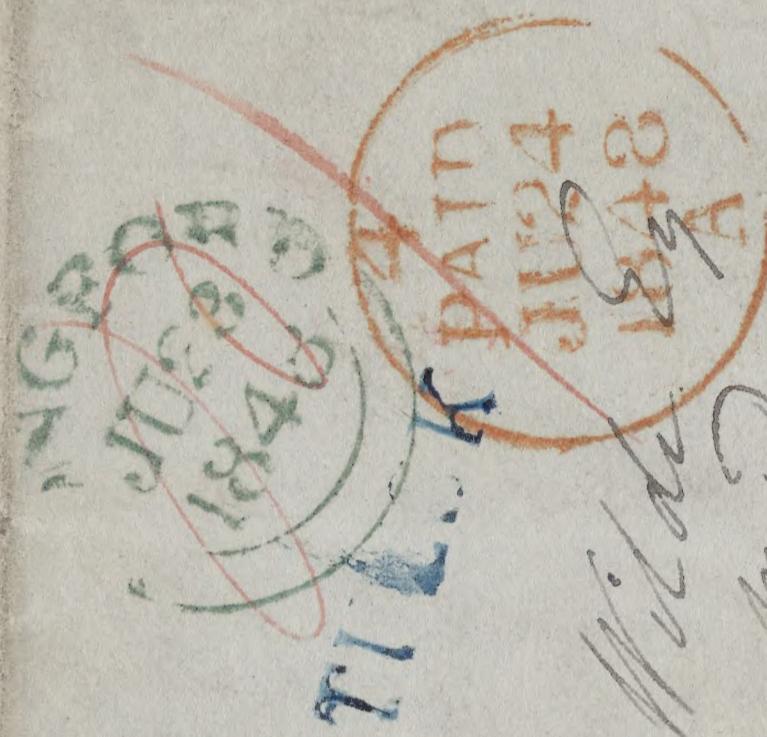


Canyons near St. Mullins Town

23rd June 40

My dear Wilds

I am here since yesterday
to see Mr. French or four. Being in Connaught,
I'm not far from your bureau, I feel an impulse
to write you a few lines. I have been surprised
at finding this so habitable a country - the
crops quite as forward, or very nearly so as
even those around Dublin - the wheat &
barley very where in ear - one field
of oats I saw in full ear - between this
place & the town of Roscommon I counted
today 56 thrown down houses - it looks as
if an hostile army had marched through



William Wilds M.D.
Westland Row
Dublin

Albert Barnes
The Curmudgeon
Physician
M.D.

the country - on our route we passed
through the Khyber pass, so called from the
number of persons shot from the overhanging
fields - they have erected an Ali Masjid
here which dominates the pass, & where
four police men keep a sharp lookout -
here we saw thousands of acres of good
pasture wasting its sweetm's - no stock
to eat it - the ladies of this district are
all Every Kennedians - his ^{speculation}
has charmed them all - one fair visitor
asked me with interest & whether I had
lately seen E. H. I answered that in
Dublin every body sees him, every where,
every day - I was glad to find another
Lady speak of your car still -
I hope to be in Dublin tomorrow

DSI

writing - So good bye - think of my
looking for an armchair book to pass
a rainy ~~day~~ hour - & stumbling over
the last number of your journal - &
that in Connemara - in the wrong
county of the Prophet! —

ever yours sincerely

Robt. J. Graves

DSI